



Class PS 3319

Book W43 R6

Author _____

Title _____

Imprint _____

5/25/1871 B² - Trip.

AN ORIGINAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

IN TWO ACTS.

ROCK ALLEN THE ORPHAN:

OR

LOST AND FOUND.

With Cast of Characters, Stage Business, Costumes, Relative
Positions of the Performers, &c.

BY W. HENRI WILKINS.

LUDLOW

GAZETTE JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

1871.

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Vermont, and enclosing 15 cents per copy.

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P 2217
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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This little sketch was written during my leisure hours, while under the protecting shadows of the old "G. M. I." And now as it is about to be sent forth upon the broad sea of public taste, there seems due from me, to those who by their many manifestations of kind regards, have stimulated to the effort, a word in salutation.

I cannot take you *all* by the hand, nor shall we very likely meet, for I mingle not with the busy crowd, and the quiet spot of country where I live is not on the great highway of travel, so that few are the chances that we shall ever see each other face to face. But if your heart can find any thing in the different characters of this piece that it admires, if one smile is created, or if the time spent in its production shall not be judged by you as wasted, the efforts of the author shall not have been in vain.

W. H. W.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cast of Characters as first performed by the Felehville Union Dramatic Club, February 3, and 23, 1871.

JOB HECTOR,.....	Mr. H. F. Thomas.
ROCK ALLEN,	“ E. H. Aldrich.
LA ROY OCHINGTON,	“ W. H. Wilkins.
Capt. FRANCISCO,	“ A. S. Crooker.
DEMON DICK,.....	“ A. S. Hayward.
JERUSHA HECTOR,.....	Miss Mell. Hoadley.
LORETTE STEPHENS,	“ Emma Hoadley.
DRUSILLA WEST,.....	“ Lettie Elgar.
RENA ALLEN,.....	“ Abbie Elgar.

Three years are supposed to elapse between Acts I. and II. Time, during the War of the Rebellion. Time of representation, one hour.

COSTUMES.

JOB HECTOR—Old-fashioned black frock coat, gray pants and vest, palmleaf hat, etc.; 2d dress, Black suit.

ROCK ALLEN—Gent's Dress suit ; 2d dress, Color-bearer's uniform.

LA ROY OCHINGTON—Fancy plaid suit, dressing-gown; 2d dress, Gent's suit.

CAPT. FRANCISCO—Captain's uniform.

DEMON DICK—Suit of black, long black whiskers, slouch hat, tall boots, belt, pistols, knives, etc.

JERUSHA HECTOR—Calico skirt, open in front, red petticoat, blue and white neckerchief, cap, etc.; 2d dress, Blue gown.

LORETTE STEPHENS—Common working dress ; 2d dress, White muslin or pique.

DRUSILLA WEST—Morning walking dress.

RENA ALLEN—White muslin or pique.

ROCK ALLEN THE ORPHAN.

ACT I.

SCENE. *Comfortably furnished Room. Aunt Hector paring potatoes, LEFT; Lorette Stephens sewing, RIGHT.*

Aunt H. Lorette Stephens, why on airth don't you go and build that fire! I should like to know when you thought we's goin' to hev dinner?

Lorette. Why Aunt Hector, that fire is as far along as those potatoes, besides, I don't think it is a woman's business to build the fires, when there are as many men folks around as there are here.

A. H. Well I never! When I was a gal and hed tu work out for a livin' I hed tu build fires, milk cows, feed the pigs, and all sich; but now days a hired gal thinks she must have the parlor half the time, and can't step into the sun for fear she'll burn her white skin. But one thing is sartin Lorette Stephens, ef you can't build that fire *I can*. [*Rises in a hurry and about to exit L.*]

Ret. Don't get in a passion Aunt Hector, there has been a good fire for this half hour.

A. H. Then why didn't you say so and not keep me *talkin'* etarnally?

Ret. Because I dread what the consequence would be if you could not scold once in a while.

A. H. Well I declare! your conversation's quite pointed.

Ret. Can't help it Aunt it's just my style.

A. H. That's the way, nothin' but style now days. But ain't it most time that boy Rock was back? I guess he's found something of unusual interest to detain him, here he's been gone a whole hour.

Ret. By the by Aunt Hector did you know that Rock was going to the army?

A. H. What! Rock Allen going tu enlist?

Ret. Certainly, why not, isn't he old enough?

A. H. Yes, I s'pose so, but fightin', tu him is a new thing, and I'm afraid something he won't like.

Ret. Well, I don't know about that; I hope you don't mean to say, Aunt Hector, that he hasn't courage?

A. H. Oh ! I presume he has ; but what do you know of his bravery ? here he's allers been right to hum never hardly went out of town in his life. Why I tell you child, Rock Allen don't know any more about war than a speckled chicken knows about making cheese.

Ret. Well upon my life, Aunt, you form some funny comparisons. What do I know of his bravery ? Don't I know he's got lots of it. You forget the night Demon Dick and his band attempted to rob the house, how Rock made one of the villains bite the dust, how he and Demon Dick had a hand to hand light, and how he was glad to get off even with his life. If that wasn't an example of true courage, I should like to know what is !

A. H. True child, I reckon Demon Dick did get all he wanted at one dose, and as you say if it hadn't been fer Rock I don't know what might have happened. But gracious goodness ! if I havn't clean forgot my stewed peaches on the stove, and here you say there's been a rousing fire this half hour. What is this world a comin' tu ? [*Exit L. hurriedly.*]

Ret. So Rock is going to the war. Well it is his duty I suppose but it will be lonesome here when he is away. I have been in a great many different places and a great many different societies for one no older than I am. But never have I been in such agreeable society, and never have I found a person who bore the type of a truer gentleman than I have found in Rock Allen. [*Enter Rock, R.*]

Rock. Well here he is, now what's wanting ?

Ret. Ah ! Rock back so soon ?

Rock. Back, of course I'm back, what but business did you think could keep me from you ? And now that I have got to leave you I—never mind I will see you again soon.

Ret. Oh ! Rock you havn't enlisted ?

Rock. Yes Ret I have. It will be hard to leave this dear home, Uncle and Aunt Hector who have been so kind to me, who took me to their care when I was a homeless wandering orphan, and they have been like a kind father and mother. I say it will be hard to leave them, but still harder for me to leave you dear Ret, but the call of duty must be obeyed, so I have enlisted. [*Enter Uncle Hector R.*]

U. H. That's where your head's level my boy, give me your hand [*they shake hands*] you are made of the right kind of stuff ; I'm glad there's one under this old roof, who isn't afraid to brave the dangers of a soldier's life, for let me tell you boy, there is danger in it.

Rock. Thank you Uncle. I'm not afraid, but 'tis the leaving of this old home, these dear familiar scenes and so many kind friends ; that sometimes makes me sick at heart.

U. H. And Ret, what does she say ?

Rock. There she is, ask her for yourself. [LORETTE LEFT.]

U. H. Hulloo ! What are you sneaking back there for ? Come tell me how you like this young Rock's new freak ?

Ret. Come Unele stop your teasing me, for I do believe you want every one to go away, and if you do, I will. [*Exit L.*]

U. H. A pretty answer she made me didn't she ? is that the way she talks to you ? I'll tell you what 'tis boy, if you go to the war and get killed there'll be a funeral in this house sure. For let me tell you if you don't already know it, that gal's dead in love with you.

Rock, [*laughing*] Guess not, Unele. You are getting romantic.

U. H. Well, I declare ! If you can't see that you are a blind one. (*Enter Aunt Hector L.*) Well Job Hector you are a pretty man I do declare. Here I've been waitin' and waitin' for you to come and do that churning, and here I find you a talkin' uv love. Isn't that pretty business fer a man of your age ? I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself ; come *start* and do that churning.

U. H. Why old lady what's put you in a flurry now ? hope you ain't jealous ?

A. H. Makes no difference to you whether I am or not. I say start fer that churn.

U. H. Well if you say so s'pose I must. But I'll tell you what 'ist Jerusha Hector, if you had some men they wouldn't be drove round as you drive me. [*Exit L.*]

A. H. Here Rock Allen ! I want tu know ef you've been and j'ined the army ? That gal o' yourn said you's goin tu, but I never know when tu believe her.

Rock. To be sure I have, Auntie, would you have me stay at home when our country is in danger and calling for help ? when thousands are responding to that call from all parts of the Union ? No. I will join my comrades on the field of battle and if I fall the world will know I died in the cause of liberty.

A. H. Well I never heard the like o'sich in all my born days. Why I declare Rock Allen, you'd ought to be a preacher.

U. H. [*Enter L.*] Jerusha ! Jerusha ! The churn's upsot and the cream's running all over the floor and the old cat's making the butter.

Aunt H. [*fiercely.*] Oh ! you *old* Hector, what won't you do next I wonder ? I never see such a thing as a man is. But I must go and save what I *can* of it and I'll *churn* it too and Job Hector *you* shall eat the butter, and if that cat's there I do believe I shall wring her neck. [*About to exit L hurriedly.*]

U. H. Hold on old woman, Ret took up the cream, you'r ealways behind time and it's all on account of that loose tongue of yours. You have to blaze away about so much before you *can* stir.

A. H. Job Hector you're gettin' tu be the *sasiest* man I ever did see, You can tip over a churn of cream and then stand there and look me in the face as unconcerned as a fish in the sea.

U. H. No I can't old lady, nobody can look you in the face and not have their blood curdle.

Rock. Seems to me things look likely for a squall. [*Aside.*]

A. H. There you go again ; but I tell you Job, you'll get your pay for this, perhaps you thiuk I'll get over it sometime, but you'll find yerself mistaken.

U. H. No I didn't expect that, for it would be something new if you did.

A. H. Well I never ! I won't stand this another *minnit*. I hope Job Hector you'll try and cam yer feelin's afore any body else sees you. [*Exit L.*]

U. H. Yes I'll calm mine and I'll calm yours too. [*Exit L.*]

Ret [*enter R.*] Rock, Mr. Ochington is in the other room and says he wants to see you,

Rock. Well send him in here for he's just the person I wan't to see (*Lorette exit R.*) Well 'pon my life I'm glad he's come, I'm going to try and get him to go to the war with me, but then he won't, he's too afraid of powder for that.

Roy [*enter R.*] Ah, good morning Rock, how goes the times ?

Rock. Nicely thank you, please be seated. [*Roy sits L.*]

Roy. I heard Rock that you had enlisted and have come up to congratulate you.

Rock. To congratulate me ! I thought you was going to say to go with me ; that would look more like the thing.

Roy. I know it would and I wish it might be so, but then you see I ain't able. [*Taking a long breath.*]

Rock. Ain't able ! I should like to know what's the matter with you ?

Roy. Ob ! there's plenty the matter. The doctor says I won't live long I'm troubled nights with cold sweats.

Rock [*aside.*] That's because he's afraid of the draft.

Roy. And if I should go down south I'd get the fever and ague and shake myself to death and then—and then—

Rock. And then you havn't got pluck enough.

Roy. O ! yes I've got pluck enough, but I tell you I'm sick, (*another long breath*) My parents say I *never* was a healthy child.

Rock. One wouldn't judge so to look at you. [*Aside.*]

Roy. And I never went alone till I was three years old.

Rock. Yes ! and you havn't been alone much since [*Aside.*]

Roy. Well Rock I wish I might lend a helping hand in this glori-

ous cause of liberty. My sister (*rising*) is all the time telling me to enlist, she says nothing ails me, it does beat all what a nuisance these sisters are sometimes, [*Exit R.*]

Rock What a queer chap that is who calls sisters a nuisance. Ah, that brings back to my memory the days that are past and gone, when I, too, had a sister, but now I am without a living relative on the face of the earth for it is now five long years since that hellish fiend Demon Dick, stole dear Rena. We had half the village engaged in the search, but without avail. That villain has some secret retreat, far back on the mountains, to which all attempts to trace it thus far have proved fruitless. He is a bold, fearless ruffian, and he is often in our very midst, but so disguised that it is impossible to recognize him. But the time will come sooner or later when he shall meet his just deserts. For five long years I've been trying to find my lost sister, but she *must* be dead or I should certainly have seen or heard from her. For five long years I've been waiting for the time to come when I could pay the fiend who so cruelly tore her from her home, in his own coin. For 'tis he who made me an orphan, father and mother both died within the year of broken hearts, and I was left alone. Ah, some day that villain shall find that Rock Allen has a double account for him to settle. (*Drusilla enter c.*) Good morning, Miss West.

Dru. Good morning, Mr. Allen, where is Ret? I want she should come down to our house to-morrow and help us make some badges for the brave boys who have volunteered to fight for us, and that, I understand, includes *you*, Mr. Allen.

Rock. I suppose it does. Well, you'll find Ret in the kitchen. But who do you think has just been here?

Dru. Why, how should I know?

Rock. But can't you guess?

Dru. Of course I can't so why don't you tell me?

Rock. Well, Mr. Ochington has been here, and I've been trying to make him enlist.

Dru. I guess you didn't make out much. Wouldn't he make a pretty fighting character? Why, he'd jump out of his uniform if he heard a gun. Only the other day I tried to make him shoot a squirrel, but he said he couldn't bear to kill the little things, for it made him sick. Phoo! talk about his fighting.

Rock. Then you *do* want him to go?

Dru. Of course I do. I think it is his duty and the duty of every able-bodied man to lend their country a helping hand in her time of need; and I'm glad, Mr. Allen, I've got one friend who isn't afraid to help strike the blow, and if there is any way to make that Roy Ochington a soldier, I should like to be the one to do it. "Oh! I wish I was a man."

Rock. What a patriotic little woman you are.

Dru. Thank you Mr. Allen. If all the women were like me there wouldn't be so many heroes as there would "sheroes." But come you must be the one to help me, how are we going to get Roy to be a soldier?

Rock. I'm sure I don't know, if you can't induce him I don't know who can.

Dru. Well, I'll give him a try. I don't want a man that's all the time talking love, and I'll tell you what it is Mr. Allen, if he won't go to the war I won't have anything more to say to him, and I'm going to tell him so the first opportunity (*looking R.*) and I shan't have to wait long for here he comes. I shall depend on you to help me.

Rock. Never fear for me. (*Enter Roy R.*)

Roy. Ah! Drusie, you here? I've been looking for you.

Dru. Looking for me. I can't imagine what for, or have you too enlisted and come to tell me?

Roy. Did you think I would enlist?

Dru. No, to be sure I didn't.

Roy. No, I couldn't bear the thought of leaving you so long.

Dru. But if you don't enlist you shall leave me or I'll leave you, so if you don't put your name down pretty soon, I won't have anything more to say to you, do you hear that?

Roy [*sighing.*] Yes I hear it all and more too. (*Aside*) I guess I shall have to give her up for I can't fight, I'm sick. (*another long breath*)

Dru. Come what do you say?

Roy. I—I'll think of it Drusie. I'll let you know soon,

Dru. Don't Drusie me any more. I see how it is, you and I are through. I declare Rock, I've almost forgotten Ret. (*about to exit L.*) I hope, Mr. Oehington, you'll think that matter over. [*Exit L.*]

Roy. Yes, I'll think it over. Oh! dear what does ail all the women. Rock, do you think that gal is in earnest?

Rock. She appears like it to me.

Roy. What shall I do then I can't go for a soldier, I shouldn't live a month, but she says nothing ails me. What a world of trouble this is. [*exit R.*]

Rock. Ha, ha, ha. If that isn't a chicken hearted chap I never saw one, always full of trouble and always sick. But Roy's a good fellow after all.

U. H. [*enter c.*] Hurrah! Rock have you heard the news?

Rock. No Uncle, do tell me.

U. H. Oh! such glorious news, my boy, another grand victory. The rebels twice defeated, thirty-three hundred prisoners and seventeen field pieces taken. How my heart leaps with joy at the reception of

such news. Oh, would that I were young again and could bear a hand in the strife which is now going on. Oh! Rock were I in your place I should be impatient to be on my way to join the noble boys in blue.

Rock. And so I am, Uncle, but I must wait for the time which will soon be here, only one short week more and I leave these bright scenes for the sunny south, whose fair face is now being plowed by shot and shell, and where such deadly strife now exists.

U. H. Oh! Rock it does my old soul good to hear you talk so. Hard as it will be to have you leave us, still harder would it be to see you here when you are so much needed in the field.

Rock. But you forget, Uncle, there must be some at home to take care of our dear mothers, wives, and sisters, while their husbands, sons, and brothers, are engaged in so noble a cause and trying to make us a Union strong and free, even at the cost of their own blood.

U. H. So there has, my boy, so there has, but that should be left for those like me. But say Rock, in whose care are you going to leave your wife?

Rock. That is an article I don't happen to have, Uncle.

U. H. But what's the difference, I'd like to know, you will have one soon when you come back.

Rock. Perhaps I shan't come back. Think of the danger to which I am exposed; but had I a wife and I could get your consent, I would leave her in your care, for I am sure I could find no better.

U. H. All right then Rock, she shall stay and I'll take good care of her.

Rock. Thank you Uncle, but you look a good ways ahead. How do you know I ever intend to have a wife.

U. H. Come now don't try and play off in that kind of style for if you and Lorette Stephens don't hitch up, I say you are a pair of fools; but here comes the old lady [*looking L.*]

Rock. Then surely there'll be another breeze, so I'll step out [*exit R.*]

A. H. [*Enter L. with a skein of yarn*] Well, Job Hector, you are a pretty man I do declare.

U. H. That's what you always call me you know.

A. H. When you're wanted you're always sneakin' off somewhere.

U. H. Why, what's the matter now, old lady?

A. H. Old lady! don't you dare to call me old lady if you do I'll—(*fiercely*) sit down and hold this yarn.

U. H. Well then, old lady—

A. H. Stop, I say, what do you mean to talk in that way to your own lawful wife?

U. H. Why, didn't you say if I called you old lady you'd sit down and hold that yarn, and the Lord knows I don't want to if I can help it.

A. H. No, of course you don't, but you shall hold it. [*thrusting the skein on his hands.*]

U. H. Well, if I must, I must I suppose. (*both sit L*) But talk about your being my *lawful* wife, you'd better say *awful* wife, for if you ain't one I never saw one in my life.

A. H. There Job, that'll du, Iv'e took about enough of your slanderin' fer once. Don't it look well fer a man to be all the whole time jawin' t^o his wife? There you've let that yarn all off your hands, you hinder a great deal more than you help.

U. H. Do I? I'm ready anytime to quit. [*rising.*]

A. H. [*fiercely*] Sit still I say and tend to this yarn.

U. H. I thought you said I hindered more'n I helped.

A. H. Well I say a great many things don't I?

U. H. [*Calmly*] Once in a while you speak. But where is Lorette? why don't you have her hold this yarn?

A. H. Oh! she's off rompin' round with that West gal, I do wish folks would mind their own business and stay to hum sometimes.

U. H. Why, Jerusha, you want a girl to work, work, all the time and never have a minute to herself. But I'd like to know where you'd find another girl like Lorette Stephens? You can't do it.

A. H. Well, p'raps I can and p'raps I can't, but what's that to you I'd be happy to know? When I hev a gal I hev 'em to work, and not to gad 'round all the time.

U. H. Well, it's a wonder you never got rich.

A. H. I should no doubt if I hadn't got such a lazy old hunks fer a man.

U. H. You're getting quite complimentary in your old age. But say, old lady, did you know that the Union troops had gained another great victory?

A. H. There it is again. Job Hector, can't I never larn you manners? or will it always be, old lady, old woman and all sich? What do you suppose I care about a great victory?

U. H. Learn me manners? I should think you might, I suppose you would have me pattern by you?

A. H. Of course I would.

U. H. You would have me say then, old Hector, old hunks, and the like o' such?

A. H. I do think. Job Hector, you'll drive me stark, starin' mad with your outlandish rabble.

U. H. I should hate to make you any worse than you are, but I guess there ain't any danger of that. There I'm glad you've got through with that yarn.

A. H. But hold on I've got another job for you so foller me.

U. H. Another job! Well, I never see such a woman for business,
[*Both exit L. Enter Rock and Lorette c.*]

Ret. Come Rock, now for that story you promised me.

Rock. What story, dear Ret?

Ret. The story of your early life.

Rock. I fear that will prove of little interest to you, but it can be told in a few words. It is now eighteen years since first I came to live in this place, before that time my father lived in Rhode Island, and was a shoemaker by trade. My sister Rena was then only two years old and I five. We had lived in this little village fifteen years when Rena was stolen by the wretch who has of late proved such a terror to this section. This blow is what hurried father and mother's death, for they too, died in a few short months and I was left what I now am—a poor, penniless, wandering orphan. Since then, you know the rest for 'tis now nearly five years since I came to live beneath this roof, nearly five years since I first saw your bright face, which has ever been like a ray of sunshine through the clouds. Thus far my pathway has been clouded with sorrow, but even now in the dim distance I can see the rising of a brighter future, and there now remains but one thing to complete my happiness.

Ret. And pray, Rock, what is that?

Rock. It is, that some day you will be my little wife. 'Tis sudden I know, but I would know how it is before I leave you.

Ret. Oh! Rock! Rock!

Rock. What say you dear Ret, don't you love me just a little?

Ret. Oh, yes, a great deal.

Rock. Then you will be mine?

Ret. Yes Rock, yours forever.

Rock. This is indeed too much—more than I deserve, and let this kiss be the sweet token of our everlasting fidelity to each other. [*Kisses her.*]

A. H. [*enter L.*] Heavens and earth! what next, I wonder? For shame on you Lorette Stephens, to let a *man* kiss you.

Ret. I believe I am of age, Aunt Hector.

A. H. Of age, yes I suppose you are, but of you's my gal I'd trounce you, I would.

Ret. I want to ask you if Rock hasn't a perfect right to kiss me as much as he pleases, for I've just promised to be his wife?

A. H. What! you two children goin' to git married? This is indeed the wonder of the nineteenth century.

Rock. Do you call us children, Aunt? Why, I'm *sure* we're both old enough.

A. H. Well, times du change that's a fact. Why, when I was

young, gals didn't think of getting married afore they's thirty, and would you believe it, my mother scolded me because I was so young, and I was thirty-two ; but tu see two like you marry, it does beat all.

U. H. [*enter L.*] What beats all I'd like to know ?

A. H. Why, old man—

U. H. Don't old man me, old woman.

A. H. Beats all how perticular you're gittin' all to once,

U. H. But what's that you's going to tell me ?

A. H. Why, Rock there and that gal's goin' tu git married.

U. H. Well, that's no very startling news to me, It's just what I've been expecting this long time.

Rock. Yes, Uncle, we are going to get married when I come home from the war. You know what you told me a while ago. Well, you see I'm going to do just as you told me. I'm going to the war, leave Ret here with you, come back and get married and—

U. H. And then pull up stakes and leave us ? Ah ! that will never do my boy. This old house, such as it is, is large enough for us all, and you must stay here to take care of us in our old age. Come, what say you ?

Rock. With all my heart Uncle, if such is your wish.

U. H. And Ret, what does she say ?

Ret. Oh, it would be the most delightful place in the world for me.

U. H. All right then, if Jerusha says so—come, how is it ?

A. H. Well, that's the first time you ever asked my advice, and as it is, why, I'll eonsent to it. But there, what will become of our dinner ? [*Exit L., enter Roy R. with dressing gown.*]

Rock. Hullo ! here's Roy, why Roy, what's the matter now, what ails you ?

Roy. Oh ! that same old difficulty (*long breath*) and it's growing worse every day.

Rock. Then you havn't enlisted yet ?

Roy. Enlisted ! are you crazy ? here I'm hardly able to be out of doors and to have every one talk about my enlisting. I believe everybody'll be glad when I'm dead. (*Dru. enter c.*) *Dru.* Ah ! here's sickness in full costume.

Roy. Ah, Drusie, why will you be so cruel ? you know I'm sick, just see how pale I'm growing and how poor I'm getting.

Dru. Ha, ha, ha ! I see you're dreadful slim and poor, but I've got some news that'll make you get well.

A. H. [*sticks her head in L. and says*] Say old man, dinner's ready.

Roy. N-e-w-s, what news ? is peace declared ?

Dru. Peace declared, not by a long shot, but we're going to have a draft.

Roy. Oh ! Lord, then I'm a goner (*Aunt Hector sticks her head in L. again, and says at the top of her voice*) Job Hector, ain't you never comin' tu dinner ?

Quick Curtain.

Lorette, Rock R., Drusilla c., Roy c., Uncle Hector L.

End of Act first.

ACT II.

[*Lorette L. with some kind of fancy work. Rena R. reading.*]

Rena [*Throwing book on stand L. c.*] I'm half a mind never to touch another book as long as I live !

Ret. Why, Rena, what's the matter ?

Rena. Just as if one couldn't write a story without having some fascinating hero who is always getting into trouble and coming out a big man at the end ; but that's just the way with all of them.

Ret. Well, Rena, if you're tired of reading, suppose you give me a history of the life you've led while you've been gone so long from us. I believe you have never told me all, and it is now some time since you got back.

Rena. No I have not, and if you will listen you shall hear all, in as few words as possible. Yet 'tis a sad story, and as I look back on those days of trial and suffering, an icy chill comes over me, which I cannot shake off.

Ret. Go on then dear Rena.

Rena. It is nearly eight years as you know, since I was abducted by that wretch known as Demon Dick. It was on the evening of the fifteenth of November, as I was returning from the village by the back path, that I was seized by two desperate men, a handkerchief tightly tied around my mouth, my hands lashed behind me, and was placed in a covered wagon between these men. We were then driven rapidly away in an easterly direction. After proceeding some distance the bandage and lashings were removed, and we continued to ride at a rapid pace until nearly dawn. The carriage then halted in front of an obscure house, I knew not then where. I was then informed that this was to be my home. As I alighted from the vehicle, an elderly man made his appearance at the door and called out "Hullo Dick 's that you ? got the gal then it seems ?" To which Demon Dick replied in a triumphant tone 'Of course I have old man, don't I always come off top o' the heap ?'

I was then led into the house and was told I could have the freedom of the front yard (*which was enclosed by a high fence*) but that I must be careful how I tried to escape.

Ret. And you've been kept a prisoner all these years?

Rena. Be patient dear and you shall know all. I was then forced to assume a new name, which was that of "Edna Ables" and by that name I've been known ever since.

Ret. Oh! how horrible, but what was Demon Dick's object?

Rena. I think it was this. The man into whose care I was put belonged to Demon Dick's band, and as he was away most of the time his wife wanted a companion to stay with her.

Ret. But how did you succeed in getting away?

Rena. It was in this way. I used daily to go into the yard, (*the gate to which was always kept locked*) and quite often while there I had seen a young man go past and look on me with wondering eyes as though my presence there was a mystery, and on this man I determined to call for help, and one day when I saw him coming I contrived to be near the gate, and threw him a piece of paper on which I had written these words "I am a prisoner here and cannot get away, for this gate is kept locked. If you can free me I will reward you if in my power." I threw the paper to him and went directly in. The next day I was there and he threw me a bunch of keys to which was attached a piece of paper containing these words, "Get away from here if you can and come to my home which is one mile from here, and the first house to which you come." That night I succeeded in fitting one of the keys to the lock and escaped. I was kindly received by this young man's parents where I stayed one week, and was there told I was about fifty miles from home, for which I determined to start and as this young man's father was coming about half way to fetch his son to the ears he offered to bring me home. When I arrived at the depot I said to my preserver "How shall I reward you?" his answer was "Don't talk of rewards. It richly repays me to know that I was the means of rescuing you from bondage. Good-bye—we shall meet again sometime."

Ret. Oh, how kind.

Rena. I was then taken to my native village and there I learned of father and mother's death, and that Rock had enlisted—the rest you know.

Ret. Thank you dear Rena, it is truly a sad story and one in which I have been deeply interested. Yes, Rock is in the army, but 'tis a long time since I have heard from him, the last I knew he had just been promoted to color bearer. I fear that something has happened to him or he would certainly have written. [*Enter U. H. R. with letter.*]

U. H. Hulloo! gals, what's going on here? Why, I declare you're

still as mice. But here's something that'll open your eyes (*x's L. holding up letter*) here's a letter mailed Washington, D. C., and I'll bet it's from Rock. (*looking at the letter*) Why he's quite a *writist* ain't he gals? [*Giving letter to Ret.*]

Rena. A letter from Rock? }
Ret. A letter from Rock? } Together.

U. H. That's who I s'pect it's from, but I presume you'll (*looking at Ret*) find out in the course of a day or two.

Ret. Yes, 'tis from Rock.

U. H. Well, then I'll be a leaving, for I know gals don't want old folks round when they're readin' sich letters. [*Exit R.*]

Rena. Oh, I am so impatient to know the contents. [*Lorette opens letter.*]

Ret. Oh Rena, hear what he says (*reads*) "It is now a long time since you have heard from me I know, and the reason I have not written is because I have been a prisoner in the Libby, and have been very siek since I was exchanged, but I made the acquaintance of a lady who has taken the best care of me. I shall be at home in two weeks from the time I write this, and I'm going to bring with me one of the best men in the world; the Captain of my company is going to spend a few weeks with me at home. The war is almost through and I'm coming home for good, won't we have a glorious time then? But I'll not write more now for I shall see you again soon." Why, Rena, this letter was written over two weeks ago and we may expect Rock at any moment.

Rena. Oh! how I long to see my dear, dear brother.

Ret. He little dreams of the pleasant surprise that awaits him here.

Rena. And he says he's going to bring his Captain with him. Who knows but what he and I can "make a trade?"

Ret. Oh how I should laugh to see you a Captain's wife. But Rena, the one who most deserves your love is the person who so kindly rescued you from that villain's prison.

Rena. So he does Ret, so he does, and you little know how I long to see him, although we were acquainted but one short week, still his image has ever since continually haunted me, and were I to trust myself to another's care, I know of no one in whom I should have so much confidence, as in him, but by the way he's in the army, too.

Ret. What, your cavalier in the army too?

Rena. Yes, he was home on furlough when he so nobly took me from my prison home. [*Enter Roy R.*]

Roy. Hullo girls, did you know that Rock's regiment had been discharged, and the boys are coming home?

Rena. Why, Mr. Ochington, how you seared us.

Ret. Did I know that the boys were coming home? of course I did,

but no thanks to you sir, for if they had all been like you, that is where they would have been now, unless the draft had *compelled* them to go. Although they might have escaped that, by being sick, perhaps.

Roy. Come now Ret, that is too bad to talk that way. I've never been able to join the army since the war broke out and I can prove it too.

Ret. You could if every one believed your story of it.

Roy. There it is again. To be sure, I'm looking a little better now but what of that? I may soon be worse.

Ret. Not unless the Rebellion has a relapse. You would have been well two years ago if the war had come to an end at that time.

Roy. Can't I go no where but what I must have *war* thrown in my face? and it's all on account of you. [*Pointing to Lorette*]

Ret. Ha! ha! ha! I tried my best to fix you, but you were too far gone, but the pill that cured the war, cured you. Yes, Mr. Ochington, I now have hopes of you—you will get well.

Roy. Oh! must I endure all this? [*Enter Drusilla c.*]

Dru. Of course you must and its just good enough for you. Here you've been at home all these years recruiting as you call it, while your fellow men have so nobly fought and bled to save our Union from being destroyed. Why I declare, you look about as sickly as the Giant of Palestine! isn't he a sickly looking little fellow? [*Turning to Ret and Rena and patting Roy on the shoulder—all laugh.*]

Ret. But he says he's feeling better now.

Dru. Glad to hear it, I began to think I was going to lose you,

Roy, [*aside x's r.*] And I began to think I was going to lose *you* one while.

Dru. Girls, when do you expect Rock? I suppose before long?

Ret. Yes he may come any day.

Dru. Rena, what will he think when he finds you here?

Rena. I don't know, but O, how I wish he was here.

Roy. Well girls I don't think you'll miss me if I step out?

Dru. Not at all sir I assure you—you can go just as well as not.

Roy. Of course I can, I might have known it. [*Exit r.*]

Rena. There Drusie, I think you are too bad to talk so, Roy's a nice fellow and you know you like him too, I know you are all in fun but he takes it to heart so, I think you had not ought to do it.

Dru. What a little sympathiser you are, Rena. You'd better set your cap for Roy, I'll give up my claim.

Rena. Thank you, but I've got a Captain that I expect every day.

Dru. A Captain! what do you mean, Rena?

Rena. Oh! nothing only Rock is coming home soon, and he's going to bring his Captain with him and I'm going to fish for him, that is if he is handsome and got plenty of money.

Dru. I hope you will succeed.

Rena. I hope so too. [*Enter A. H. L.*]

A. H. Gals, hev you seen anything of my old man? he's always totting off when he's wanted.

Ret. He was here a few moments ago and I supposed he was going into the kitchen.

A. H. Kitchen! catch him in the kitchen when he isn't obliged to be. [*Enter U. H. R.*]

U. H. Why, old woman what's out now?

A. H. Out! that's a purty question fer you tu ask. Why, you are out just as you always are ef there's anything tu be done.

U. H. Why, what under *Heavens* has got to be done now?

A. H. I'll let you know what's to be done. But where hev ye been all the mornin'?

U. H. All the morning! I've only been over talking with Deacon Trim a few minutes.

A. H. Pretty business I should think when there's work to be done But I'll *trim* you if you don't come and turn that clothes wringer for me.

U. H. Why, to-day isn't Monday is it?

A. H. What's that to you I'd like to know? come, start. [*Both exit L.*]

Dru. Ret, I don't see how you get a moment's peace to have her scolding all the time.

Ret. O, I don't mind it much she doesn't mean half she says.

Dru. I should think that half was enough, but girls, when Rock gets home I want you to take him Ret, and come and see me, and Rena you bring your Captain. [*Exit R.*]

Rena. What a girl that is, to hear her talk to Mr. Ochington is enough to make any one laugh.

Ret. Yes, but she likes him for all that better than any one else, but teasing is her forte. [*Enter Demon Dick c. pointing revolver at Rena*]

Dick. Ah! ha! my pretty bird. I have you at last,

Ret. Heavens! Rena, who is that vile man?

Rena. Great God! Ret, 'tis Demon Dick. Oh! those eyes!

Dick. Did you think to escape so easily? Ha! ha! when Demon Dick gets on your track, *woe* be unto you.

Ret. But what means this abrupt intrusion?

Dick. I have come for Edna Ables, [*Pointing to Rena.*]

Rena. Call me not by that name, foul fiend, I defy you to take me I will call for help.

Dick. Ha! ha! will you? One cry and one of you dies or both if need be [*points revolver at Rena*] so come with me.

Ret. Oh Heavens! what will become of us?

Dick. If you will not come without, I must use *harsher* means. [*Attempts to seize her hands, girls scream, Rock and Capt. Francisco rush in R.*]

Rock. Hold! thou merciless wretch!

Dick. Pray who are you sir? be careful how you intrude in another's business.

Rock. I am Rock Allen whom you made an orphan. But thank heaven the time has come when I can be revenged. Demon Dick, you are my prisoner, one inch if you dare. [*Pointing revolver.*]

Dick. Think not to scare me young man. I defy God, man, or Devil! take that. [*Snaps revolver at Rock but the cap fails to go.*]

Rock. Lie, vile wretch! [*Shoots Demon Dick in the side as he goes out, Dick puts his hand to his side and falls out c.*]

Ret. Oh! Rock, Rock, what have you done? you've killed him.

Rock. Thank heaven for that. But has he harmed you dear Ret or, this young lady at your side?

Ret. No, Rock I am safe, but why do you say "this young lady"? Don't you know her? [*Rena looks up.*]

Rock. 'Tis Rena, O, my dear, dear sister. [*Embraces her.*]

Ret. But come Rock, why don't you introduce your friend?

Rock. Excuse me I had almost forgotten him. Miss Stephens, my Captain, (*Capt. and Lorette bow*) my sister, Captain, [*Both look at each other.*]

Rena. Robert Francisco!

Capt. Edna Ables!

Rena. Yes, 'tis she whom you once knew by the name of Edna Ables but thank heaven the time has now come when I must no longer go by that name, for I can now appear under my own, which is Rena Allen, the sister of this dear boy.

Rock. Why, Captain you seem to know my sister? Can it be that you have ever met before? I have often heard you speak of Edna Ables, but did not suppose she could bear any relation to my long lost sister.

Capt. Yes, my boy we have met before. But without waiting any longer you had better see to the body of Demon Dick.

Rock. You are right Captain, I will. I do not like to take human blood, but when the lives of these dear girls was at stake it had to be done, but one thing is certain. We shall no longer be troubled with the depredations of that villain, I shall deliver his body into the hands of the authority. [*Exit R.*]

Ret. But Captain, what have you got there? (*Captain picks up flag which Rock dropped.*) Where did that come from?

Capt. That, Miss Stephens, is a present to you, from the lady who took care of Rock, you will find your name worked on the corner.

Ret. But how happened her to send this to me I wonder ?

Capt. I don't know, but Rock will explain all I suppose. Here Miss Ables—excuse me, Miss Allen.

Rena. Don't call me Miss Allen, my name is Rena.

Capt. Well then *Rena*, how have you fared since last we met ?

Rena. O, nicely thanks to you sir. But I came very near getting back to my old quarters, or somewhere worse, and probably should had it not been for your timely arrival. But Ret if you will try and entertain Mr. Francisco a few moments I will go to Unele and Aunt Heetor.

Capt. Don't call me Mr. Francisco, my name is Robert.

Rena. Well, then can you entertain *Robert* a few minutes ?

Ret. O, certainly, at least I'll try. [*Exit Rena L.*]

Dru. [*enter R.*] Ah Ret, Rock has got home hasn't he ? [*Seeing Capt*]

Ret. He has my dear, he came but a short time since, but let me introduce you to his friend Capt. Francisco, Mr. Francisco, Miss West. [*both salute.*]

Capt. Happy to meet you Miss West, have you any friends in the army ?

Dru. No sir I have not.

Ret. No but she tried her best to have *one*.

Dru. There Ret, won't you keep still ?

Capt. Ha ! ha ! I see, I've heard Rock speak of him.

Dru. And pray sir who do you mean by *him* ?

Capt. Let me see—I believe his name is—Roy, something, I don't quite remember what.

Dru. O, pshaw ! I didn't know that Roy Ochington had such a wide spread fame ; but no wonder he is famous—for fear and sickness.

Capt. Yes that's it, Roy Ochington's the name, so he belongs to you does he ? There isn't that impertinent ?

Dru. Yes sir, it is, but I will answer it nevertheless. He *doesn't* belong to me, and what's more, I don't belong to him 'or any other man.'

Ret. Well Drusie, you've told a whopper now, you like Roy you know you do.

Dru. Well what if I do, don't I like every body. But that doesn't make out that I belong to him. But where is Rock ?

Ret. Oh, I forgot, will you believe it. (?) Demon Dick has been here and tried to abduct Rena again, and doubtless would have succeeded, had it not been for the timely arrival of Rock and the Capt. Demon Dick is dead, shot by the hand of Rock, and he has now gone to see the authroity.

Dru. This is indeed news, Ret, can it be possible that Demon Dick is dead, and that one so young as Rock should accomplish the deed ?

Ret. Such is even the case, and we shall be troubled no more with

his hated presence, for Demon Dick was one of the most desperate and bloody villains with which mankind is cursed.

Dru. True Ret, he has indeed. [*Enter U. H. L.*]

U. H. Not here either—well I should like to know—ah, here he is, why my boy—Oh! but this is not Rock, girls why don't you tell your old Uncle where Rock is?

Ret. Why Uncle how excited you are, Rock will be in soon.

U. H. Excited! well isn't it enough to make any one excited, to have a whole army come home? But here's a soldier, I don't know who he is, but I must shake hands with him (*grasps Capt's hand*) for the soldier's are all my boys and as such I love them.

Ret. Why Uncle this is Mr. Francisco. Rock's Captain, who has come here to spend a few weeks.

Capt. That is, providing you have no objections.

U. H. Objection! why Captain you are *welcome* a thousand times welcome, Rock's friends are my friends, and if you can afford to spend your time under this old roof, be assured Job Hector will make no objection.

Capt. Thank you sir, (*takes Uncle Hector's hand*) thank you. I appreciate your generosity, and as for spending my time under this roof, I have no fears but what I shall have a pleasant time, if my arrival was the cause of another's death.

U. H. Death! who's dead now?

Dru. [*breaking in.*] Why Mr. Hector didn't you know Demon Dick was dead?

U. H. Know—Demon Dick dead, why child what do you mean? of course you don't mean what you say?

Dru. Of course I *do* mean what I say, when I say Demon Dick is dead, and Rock Allen shot him while in the act of abducting Rena for the second time.

U. H. Will wonders never cease? Oh! such great, grand, and glorious news, Demon Dick dead! Oh! I can't help it. Hurrah! hurrah! for Rock Allen. [*Swinging hat.*]

Ret. Why Uncle what does ail you? I never saw you so before.

U. H. Well, I never *was* so before, but do tell me how this all happened, where could I have been?

A. H. [*enter L.*] Where could you have been? that's a pretty question, you was off gaddin' round some'rs, just as you always are, but what's happened? and, Lord deliver us! who's that man with gold on his shoulders?

Ret. This is Rock's Captain. My Aunt, Capt. Francisco.

A. H. What, Rock's Captain! Why how do you do? how glad I am to see you. But where's Rock?

Capt. Rock is here, he will soon be in.

U. H. Look a here old lady—

A. H. Stop that, Job Hector, I won't stand such slang.

U. H. I say old lady, Demon Dick is dead, and do you believe it.
Rock Allen killed him!

A. H. Demon Dick dead, who says so?

U. H. Don't I say so?

A. H. You, well what are you?

U. H. Stop that Jerusha Hector, I won't stand such slang.

Ret. But it's so, Aunt Hector, Rock shot him as he was about to steal Rena again, but where were you that you did not hear the noise?

U. H. O, she was off gaddin' round som'ers just as she always is.

Capt. [*aside.*] Pretty sharp shooting here, I think it's getting dangerous.

A. H. Well I never, Job Hector, I shan't talk to you much more.

U. H. Well, that'll be one great relief.

A. H. [*turning to Capt.*] Well Captain, I s'pose you've got through fighting? I should think you'd be glad.

Capt. Yes. I expect we—or I have for the present, and I'm sure I've had enough of it for a spell.

A. H. Well I should think you'd be glad for I've hear'n tell they was awful careless 'bout shootin'.

Capt. [*smiling.*] So they are madam, so they are, but there's no gain without some danger or loss, you know.

A. H. Well I s'pose there ain't, but *sakes alive* deliver me from the army.

U. H. I guess the Captain'll think you're a smart woman talking about something you don't know anything about.

A. H. I guess the Captain'll think you're a smart man interfering where it's none of your business.

U. H. Keep it a going, you old escapement.

A. H. Battle away, you old repeater.

Rena [*enter L.*] Why Aunt, if you ain't here, I've looked all over the house for you. I wanted to tell you that Rock had come.

A. H. Well no matter I've found it out. (*aside*) But what on earth is that clod-hopper here for?

Rena. Hush Aunt that's his Captain.

A. H. Captain, well who cares for a Captain? I wish he'd leave, but I s'pose I must make believe I like him.

Rena. Be careful Aunt or he will hear you.

Dru. Oh! here comes Rock. [*Looking R.*]

[*Enter Rock R.*]

U. H. Oh! my dear boy, how long I have waited for this. [*Shakes hands.*]

Rock. And how glad I am to get home again. But here's Aunt—why what makes you look so astonished Aunt?

A. H. Astonished! Well I should think it was enough to astonish any one; but I want to ask you if that moustache is *natural*?

Rock [*laughing*.] Of course it is, Aunt.

Ret. But Rock, what luck did you have?

Rock. It's all right dear. Demon Dick will be buried to-morrow in the small grove, in the rear of the village churchyard.

U. H. Well Rock, you've got one job on your hands I wish you'd get rid of as soon as possible.

Rock. And pray what is that, Uncle?

U. H. [*pointing to Ret.*] That is, to marry that gal right off.

Ret. Pshaw! what do you mean?

U. H. I mean just what I say, do you hear, Rock?

Rock. To be sure I do. Ret, what do you say?

Ret. O, I am willing of course.

Capt. And Rena, will you consent to be my wife and so have a double wedding?

Rena. Yes Robert, I'll do all I can to help the thing along.

Capt. And you *will* be my little wife?

Rena. To be sure I will.

Capt. Rena, this is the happiest moment of my life.

Rock. Well, if that don't beat all. Uncle we're going to have a double wedding, what say you?

U. H. I say go ahead. [*Enter Roy R.*]

Roy. Don't you want to take in another partner? say Drusic won't you be my wife?

Dru. Yes, I suppose so.

Roy. Oh! what a good little girl you are. [*Kisses her.*]

Dru. Stop that sir, or I'll do the same.

Rock. Uncle, we're going to have a tripple wedding.

U. H. Well, go ahead. But how does it please you, old lady?

A. H. I'll train you for that Job Hector.

Ret. Rock where did you get this flag? [*Picking up flag.*]

Rock. 'Tis a present to you, from the lady who took such good care of me in my sickness. You will find your name on the corner, she said " 'Twas a small present but one you could remember her by nevertheless."

Ret. O, I shall, and all the brave boys who fought so nobly under it, especially one. [*Looking at Rock.*]

Rock. Well then, we shall find no better place to bid our friends adieu, than here, where the bright orb of love is rapidly rising on the horizon of future bliss.

Now friends, for a while, we bid you adieu,

For in the scenes of this comedy we now have got through.

But for a place in your hearts, where we'll not be forgotten,

Is the sincere wish of *Rock Allen, the orphan.*

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

		<i>Rock,</i>	<i>Ret,</i>	<i>Rena,</i>	
	<i>Dru.,</i>	<i>Roy,</i>		<i>Capt.,</i>	
<i>U. H.,</i>					<i>A. H.</i>
<i>R.</i>					<i>L.</i>



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